

Publication of the
Lincoln Society
of Peekskill, N. Y.


NO. 2



Proceedings at the Seventh Annual Dinner of the
Lincoln Society of Peekskill, N. Y.

Eagle Hotel
Monday Evening, February 13, 1911

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE LINCOLN SOCIETY, OF PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Another dinner of the Lincoln Society of the village of Peekskill has passed into history. Like its six predecessors it was an unqualified success. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure



HOMER ANDERSON,

or the enjoyment of the evening. It was held at the Eagle Hotel, Peekskill's leading and most popular hotel, which has been the headquarters of the Lincoln Society since the latter's organization and where all seven Lincoln dinners have been held. It was well

attended, the decorations were pretty, the menu card was unique, the dinner itself was AI and served well and promptly by Proprietor George Winters and his assistants; the addresses of President Anderson, Rev. Richard E. Bell, Hon. Merton E. Lewis, Hon. Richard E. Connell and Dr. Arthur H. Elliott were as fine speeches as ever heard in Peekskill at a public dinner—in a word, it was a dinner replete with interest and delight from start to finish.

The directors of the society had met the previous Saturday evening at the Eagle and practically completed all plans and arrangements for the banquet.

Monday afternoon Charles W. Swain had decorated the cozy dining room of the Eagle with a profusion of flags and bunting which were festooned on all four walls and on the arches. The officers' and speakers' table was at the east end of the dining room, running north and south. The other banquetters were seated at small round and square tables accommodating four, six and eight people. By this method it was possible to make up parties of friends and acquaintances at individual tables, which was more pleasant and agreeable than at the long tables too often used at local banquets. Each table had a conspicuous number (from one to eighteen) upon it, and Dr. Albert E. Phin, of the dinner committee, had small cards to distribute among the gentlemen as they arrived, so that each might easily find his table and

"get together in groups" as in many cases previously arranged.

The tables were decorated with smilax and a carnation was at each plate. Lemuel Haines had the floral adornments in charge.

As early as 7 o'clock the ticket holders had begun to arrive, check their coats and hats in the coat room and wander about the foyer, chatting pleasantly and socially as the time passed.



J. COLERIDGE DARROW.

The out of town speakers, Congressman Connell, ex-Senator Lewis and Dr. Elliot, had arrived at the Eagle about 6 o'clock and were presented to the members and the guests at the fireplace as they came in. There an informal reception was tendered them.

The dinner hour was called for half-past seven, following the example set by the recent dinner of the Board of Trade, but, unlike that one, which started two or three minutes late, it was a quarter to eight before the dining room doors were opened on Monday night and the gentlemen passed in to the scene of splendor and bril-

liancy which met every eye as one entered the dining room.

The banqueters soon found their places. At the long table President Homer Anderson had the seat of honor at the center. At his right were Rev. Richard E. Bell, Treasurer Edward F. Hill, ex-Senator Merton E. Lewis, Assemblyman Frank H. Young, ex-Assemblyman James K. Apgar, and Allan L. Sutton. At the president's left were Congressman Richard E. Connell, Acting Secretary Geo. E. Briggs, Dr. Arthur H. Elliott, Leverett F. Crumb, Dr. A. D. Dunbar, Rev. Custer C. Rich.

When all were at their chairs, President Anderson rapped for order and Rev. Richard E. Bell invoked the divine blessing. The following excellent menu was then served promptly and courteously by eleven waitresses:

Little Neck Clams	
Bisque of Lobster	
Celery	Salted Almonds
King Fish	Wine Sauce
Potatoes Parisienne	
Filet of Beef	Larded Mushroom Sauce
	Candied Yams
	Lincoln Punch
Broiled Philadelphia Squab	Chicken on
Toast a la Jardiniere	
Waldorf Salad	
Neapolitan Ice Cream	Assorted Cakes
Toasted Crackers	Roquefort
Demi Tasse	Cigars

On entering the dining room, Valentine's orchestra played, as they did during the dinner service. The musical program of the evening was this:

March—Good Templer	Alford
Intermezzo from	Hoschna
	Madam Sherry.
Concert Waltz	Zita
	Janet.
Selection—Two Roses	Roberts
	Englander's comic opera
Novelette	Salzer
	Lorch and Ladies.
Selection	Balf's Opera
	Bohemian Girl.
March—Hustler	Creed
Concert Waltz	Tobina
	On Scotch Melodies.
Selection	Victor Herbert
	Naughty Marietta.
Serenade	Camp
	The Prophet King.
Valse Lente	Ward
	Devotion.
Fantasia	Ketchum
	For Clarionet.
March—Exit	Stahl

When the Lincoln punch had been reached, President Anderson rapped with his gavel for order and announced that according to the by-laws and custom the annual business meeting would be held.

Acting Secretary Briggs read the legal notice or call for the meeting published as per law in the Highland Democrat. He then read the following report of the secretary:

To the officers and members of the Lincoln Society in Peekskill:

Gentlemen.—In accordance with our by-laws your secretary has the honor to report at this annual meeting that there are 150 members on the rolls of the society; that there are 26 honorary members; that our silent comrades number 20; that since the last annual meeting we have lost by death the Hon. William Wood (the second honorary member to die), Mr. A. Judson Barrett and Mr. S. Lothrop Fowler.

That the property of the society consists of one book case of five shelves, one bust and pedestal of Lincoln, one combination desk and shelf rack, one miniature log cabin (a perfect fac-simile of Lincoln's birthplace).

Pictures, glass framed—President Lincoln and his family, Emancipation Proclamation, Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, Lincoln Letter to Mrs. Bixby on the loss of her five sons in battle.

Books—Miss Tarbell's Life of Lincoln, in four volumes, History of Lincoln's Administration, H. J. Raymond; Anecdotes of Lincoln, one volume; Words of Lincoln, one volume; Baldwin's Life of Lincoln; The Perfect Tribute, Mary S. Andrews, one volume; Poetic Selections on Lincoln.

Memorial Addresses on Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley; a large and detachable loose leaf scrap book containing all documents of interest to the society; programs, letters, tickets, etc.; newspaper clippings, pamphlets, etc., relating to Lincoln and to this and other Lincoln societies; engravings of Lincoln, Washington, McKinley; large photos of Presidents McKinley and Garfield; four cuts and medallions of Lincoln.

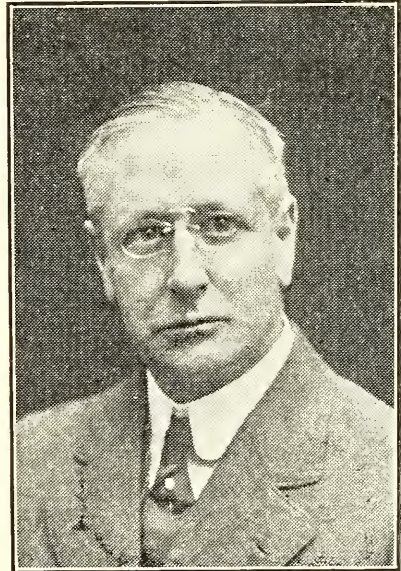
Respectfully submitted,
J. COLERIDGE DARROW.

Secretary.

The treasurer, Edward F. Hill, then read his annual report of receipts and expenditures showing that the society was as prosperous financially as it was popular sentimentally. The report of the committee on nominations, Hon. James K. Apgar, Hon. Isaac H. Smith and Dr. A. D. Dunbar, was called for,

and through ex-Assemblyman Apgar reported the following names for directors: Homer Anderson, J. Coleridge Darrow, Edward Finch Hill, A. D. Dunbar, James K. Apgar, Isaac H. Smith, Allan L. Sutton, Leverett F. Crumb, Alzamore H. Clark, Perley H. Mason, Hugh J. McGowan, Wilbur L. Ellis, John Smith, Jr., Geo. E. Briggs, Clifford Couch, Albert Ellis Phin, Fred F. Roe.

On motion of H. Alban Anderson,



EDWARD F. HILL,

the secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for these directors. This was done and the president declared these gentlemen elected directors for the ensuing year. On motion the business meeting adjourned and the satisfaction of the inner man proceeded. The coffee was served and the smoke from the fragrant and popular Imperial cigars was curling ceilingward when at 9.25 p.m. the president arose, called for order and announced that among the many letters of regret received there were a number which Acting Secretary Briggs would read. They follow:

Peekskill, Feb. 13, 1911.

J. Coleridge Darrow, Secretary:

My Dear Friend—In consequence of the illness of my son, I regret that I will be unable to attend the seventh annual dinner of the Lincoln Society this evening, Feb. 13.

Yours very truly,

JOHN HALSTED.



A. D. DUNEAR.

Pasadena, Cal., Feb. 4, 1911.

J. Coleridge Darrow, Secretary, Lincoln Society, Peekskill, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the Lincoln dinner on Feb. 13. I fully appreciate your kind thoughtfulness in remembering me as one of your association, although three thousand miles away. I regret very much that I cannot be with you on this occasion and enjoy that "feast of reason and flow of soul" which have always attended these banquets.

It is a pleasure to know that our association formed for the noble purpose of keeping green the memory of our martyred President Lincoln, the preserver of our country (whose deeds will live until time shall be no more) still exists and continues in prosperity. Through the patriotism and fidelity of the best citizens of Peekskill without regard to creed, party or religion, with but the single purpose of keeping in grateful remembrance one of the greatest men

of his day—Abraham Lincoln.

Again expressing my regret of my inability to be with you, I am

Very truly yours,

ROBERT A. ROTCHE.

New York, Jan. 26, 1911.

Homer Anderson, President, the Lincoln Society, Peekskill, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I very much regret that owing to a broken thigh which confines me to my home that I shall not be able to avail myself of your very kind invitation to attend your Lincoln dinner at Peekskill on Feb. 13. With my very best and heartiest good wishes for the success of your dinner and the continued success of your society, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

WM. P. ROOME,

R. J. Hernon, Sec.

Jan. 23, 1911.

J. Coleridge Darrow:

My Dear Mr. Darrow—I have your favor of the 19th inst., inviting me to be with the Lincoln Society on the evening of Feb. 13. I am engaged to deliver my little talk on Lincoln for that evening here in New York, otherwise I should be glad to be with you, for I have mighty pleasant recollections of yourself and Peekskill in general.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. KNIGHT.

New York, Feb. 2, 1911.

J. Coleridge Darrow, Esq., Secretary, The Lincoln Society, Peekskill, N. Y.:

My Dear Mr. Darrow—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of resolutions, signed by you as secretary, of Jan. 23, 1911, relative to the death of my father, Judge Wood, one of your honorary members. The Judge was very much interested in your society, and it is very pleasant for me to think that he was held in such high esteem by his fellow members. Kindly express to the members the appreciation of myself and sisters of the courtesy and respect shown to the memory of my father by the Lincoln Society.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT T. WOOD.

Peekskill, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1911.

J. Coleridge Darrow, Secretary, Lincoln Society, Peekskill, N. Y.:

My Dear Mr. Darrow—Mr. Pugsley is in receipt of the Lincoln Society's very courteous invitation to be present at their seventh annual dinner, and has requested me to express to you his sincere regrets that he cannot be with you on what he feels assured will be a most delightful occasion. Mr. Pugsley is at

present in Florida, where he is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

H. A. ANDERSON, Sec'y.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 26, 1911.

Homer Anderson, Esq., President, The Lincoln Society, Peekskill, N. Y.:

My Dear Mr. Anderson—I am in receipt of your very attractive invitation to attend the seventh annual dinner of the Lincoln Society, and deeply regret that I am engaged elsewhere.

Yours very truly,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Montrose, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1911.

Homer Anderson, President; J. Coleridge Darrow, Secretary, and others, Committee:

Gentlemen—Your courteous invitation to the celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln has been received. Every return of that time honored anniversary brings up, for me, a thousand memories of those eventful four years which I spent with him in official life and daily intercourse. He was then, just as he seems to you now, the able lawyer, the genial politician, the greatly kindly-natured man, and the sagacious President. But, in those days he was face to face with a storm of public and private hostility, and with a bitter hatred, not to be satiated until it had compassed his death. Every year since then has brought better appreciation of his character, fuller comprehension of the services rendered to his country, and a broader spirit of patriotism and sound sense among his countrymen of all sections. So every 12th of February seems to bring with it brighter hope and promise for the future of the American people.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

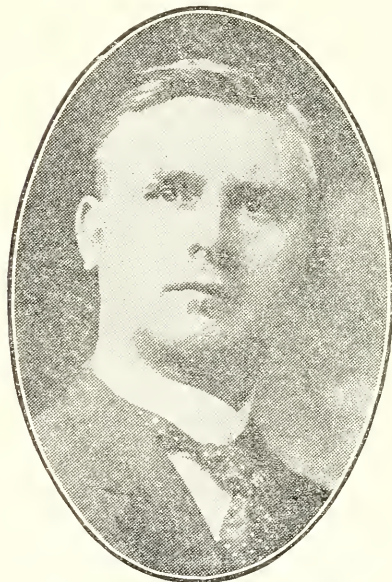
At the conclusion of the reading, President Anderson addressed the members and their friends, as follows:

An extended welcome to you upon this occasion might well embody the question: Why are we here? And the answer would be, we are here in memory of the dead, the great, majestic, historic dead. Yet it may not be inappropriate that we pause a moment to give a thought to one who was personally known to us all, one whom we were glad to know, one whose voice we have heard at all of our previous dinners. It is my privilege to stand where we have been wont to see standing, that peerless presiding officer, the founder of this society, Benjamin C. Everingham.

For six consecutive anniversaries of the day we celebrate we listened to his pleasantries, his admirable wit, and his earnest, patriotic admiration of the il-

lustrious Lincoln. He was intensely interested in this society. He was gratified beyond measure with the exalted position it has made for itself in this community, and no one would be more pleased than he with the evidences we have that the society has attained an almost nation-wide celebrity.

At our annual elections Mr. Everingham always signified a willingness to have some one else chosen for our presidency, but no other name was ever even mentioned to supplant his. The esteem in which he was held by this



ISAAC H. SMITH.

society, and his value to the society was evidenced by the shock it felt last winter, when, to use words of his own selection, after a fateful

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call,"

he embarked with a "hope to meet his Pilot face to face." When Benjamin C. Everingham "crossed the bar" I felt a personal loss, and it is with diffidence and sorrow that I endeavor to occupy the station he so admirably filled. Yet I have a pride in being chosen for this position, a pride that has its origin away back in those eventful days when every loyal citizen felt an irrepressible determination to do his part, regardless of cost or sacrifice, to preserve these United States in their entirety.

After the first great reverse to our armies President Lincoln called for 500,000 men. I am proud that as one

of the humblest of the volunteers who responded to that call, I am permitted to be alive 49 years after my enlistment, proud at this distance in time to witness the success of a society like this; to see such representative men as yourselves manifest so much interest in an occasion like this, to note that the name of Abraham Lincoln grows in luster as the years multiply, for these facts are splendid evidences that our faith in the institutions of this republic, the faith we had in our unassuming, rail-splitter president, was in no wise misplaced.

You may not altogether understand this pride, because neither your reason nor your imagination can picture to you the weary hardships the private soldier underwent in some of the unnecessarily cruel campaigns of that war. I participated in one of those campaigns with



LEVERETT F. CRUMB.

the Army of the Cumberland when it one time started out in three columns, numbering in all 100,000 men. I saw that army when it was stretched along its line of march and appeared like a black streak across the landscape, and I was but a speck in the streak; I saw it arrayed for battle, and I saw it from an eminence presenting a grand spectacle with its bivouac fires spread over the country until they actually seemed to mingle with the stars. After the battle of Perryville the army divided to pursue detachments of the retreating enemy, and our route took us into the wilds of Kentucky. During the month's campaign we marched over 450 miles partly clothed, poorly fed, and without tents. During that march I saw men apparently stronger than myself simply wear out and die, so that

I often asked myself: "Why should I be allowed to finish this march when hundreds of better men will be left by the wayside?"

It will not surprise you that after that experience it was, and is, wonderful to me that I was destined later to stand in the light of a setting sun face to face with our magnificent commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln; that I was permitted to grasp with my hand the hand of the man we are here to honor; the hand that was deftly swayed by a softness of heart to stay executions in the camps of the army, with the apology "That dead men made poor soldiers;" the hand that knew, as did no other, how to write consolation to mothers who gave their sons to the cause of the Union; the hand that in the language of the poet, "bore a nation in its hold;" the hand that made for itself an everlasting place in history by signing the Emancipation Proclamation!

Why, gentlemen, when I think how I saw the great sturdy army of the West, the trained, disciplined army of the East, saw Sheridan's cavalry marching to its last and greatest achievement, saw the great generals of those armies, viewed from a distance the last thunderous cannonade of the war, saw thousands of defeated, disheartened Confederates marching from their surrendered cities towards their desolated homes, and near the end stood in the presence of the Master Man, Abraham Lincoln, who was glorified by the results his patient perseverance had wrought with the aid of his grand armies and the just God to whom he prayed,—and then reflect that I am here, and not only here, but here to preside over a Lincoln society, my emotions are unspeakable.

Just one thought more. While I am one of the youngest of the old soldiers, none of them have lived more years since the war than myself, and I am particularly proud to have lived to see that our comrades, whom we left under little, pathetic mounds of earth by the roadside, or just over the fence, or in the loneliness of the forest, whose forms fill several large national cemeteries, and in the very remotest of God's acres lie beneath little replicas of the flag they loved,—I am indeed proud to know that the sacrifices (greater than you realize) of those valorous defenders of the Union and your homes, were not only not in vain out have been productive of such magnificent results, and that the memory of the humblest of them will be cherished by a prosperous and grateful people with that of the exalted Lincoln so long as this republic lives; and I believe as I pray, that this republic as it was conceived and dedicated to us by the great minds that clustered about George Washington, will endure with the gran-

ite rocks of our old Dunderberg mountain, and that this republic will continue to illumine the world just as, and as long as that historic Highland reflects to this side of the noble Hudson the first beams of the morning sun.

Gentlemen, my remarks may have partaken of the sombre. There was an old, old command, "Let the dead bury the dead," and I am reminded that, after all, we are not here so much to remember the dead as to glory in the results achieved by the man whose memory we are here to honor. There are speakers here who will remind you of those achievements, and I have the pleasure of presenting to you, one who does not need an introduction, the Rev. Richard E. Bell.

Rev. Richard E. Bell, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Peekskill, is well known to all our people and always in demand as an after dinner speaker.

Rev. Mr. Bell's address, subject, "A Time Exposure," follows:

It was a great Scotch preacher, whose name is world-wide so far as Christendom is concerned who was once asked the best possible way in which to prepare and afterward to deliver a discourse, and he said to the young man who made the inquiry: "The best way to do it is to fill yourself full with the subject during the week and then go into the pulpit on Sunday and let nature caper." (Laughter.) Now I suppose that would be a first rate thing for the preacher or the speaker, whoever he might be, however difficult or hard it might be on the listener. I will not attempt to do that, though I confess to you that for some days past I have been reading and re-reading the life of this great man to whom reference has been so fittingly and beautifully made already by the president of this organization. I sympathize very deeply with the sentiment expressed at another gathering of this character that I attended this afternoon in connection with one of the educational institutions of our village, that this is a religious day; for the man we recognize and honor in this gathering to-night was not only a statesman, not only the leader of the people, not only a chieftain in politics, but a very devout man, a Christian man in the broadest possible sense of that particular term.

I think it is illustrated in the life of America, as indeed in all history generally, that in the development of the characters, whether of nations or individuals, the process of progress is from habits to faculties and from faculties to ability. In this country of ours, which in a single generation tamed a continent, there have been developed certain habits, at least two of which it is

the tendency of European life to keep rudimentary and inert; on the one hand there is the power of spontaneous individual initiative, on the other hand there is the ability to organize quickly, compactly and effectively. Now in both of these it seems to me, as I read our history and observe history making, there is scarcely a parallel to the American character except it be found in the ancient Hebrews under and at the time of the Judges or perhaps among the Athenians under the constitution of Solon. What I mean can be illustrated from history: I am a great lover of history and spend a good many days and hours reading the life and the character of men that have influenced the world's history. Take, for instance, the illustration of the thought just advanced as set forth in the siege, I suppose it might be called, of New Orleans under General

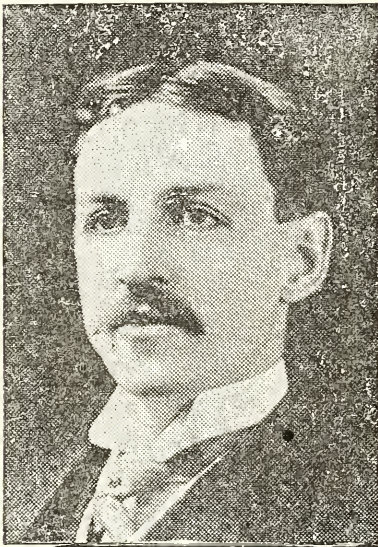


REV. RICHARD E. BELL,

Jackson. Now at that particular instance in the life of that man he represented in himself all the power to command obedience that had been illustrated in the centuries that had gone by the great generals Caesar and Napoleon; but there was this difference—and it was a great difference—between his men and the men under the command of those famous men of long ago, as the men before New Orleans lay every rifleman by the side of his fellow soldiers in the rifle pits and behind the breast-works and watched for the whites

of the eyes of the enemy there, every man was his own moral master just as much as if he had been anywhere along the great Mississippi in its vast forests a hundred miles from the dwelling place of any citizen. Now it was that personal or individual initiative that these men, soldiers in the long ago, had developed year after year and then had united one to the other and found that in that union their effort was illustrated best in their great commander that really gave him, Jackson, all the real authority that he had at that particular juncture, or indeed at any other crisis of the conflict in which he was engaged.

As it was with Jackson, so it was with



JAMES K. APGAR.

Abraham Lincoln, for he was the legitimate successor of Jackson. Jackson was the first great leader raised up from the American masses, the first man in the history of this country to represent the popular sentiment, and therefore I say Lincoln, representing the same sentiment, lifted into conspicuousness from the ranks of the people, was the legitimate successor of Jackson. Now American leaders may be born, but they must be made also, and unless they are made, made by the people and truly represent so far as the people are able to understand them the popular impulse, they may be great leaders for the time being, they may be great poets and great orators and great philosophers of a succeeding age, but they will never receive from their own age any meed of praise

or any reward other than the reward of the unrepresentative. Lincoln was representative of his time, Lincoln was representative of the dominant idea of his time, and what was that idea? Of course we all know that it was the idea of personal liberty. From the time of Voltaire on down to Jefferson, from the time of the American and French revolutionists to the day of the English Whigs and philanthropists, there had been growing steadily and surely with the years the idea of the inalienable right of every man to the control of his own self, until that idea burst forth in such characters as John Brown, modified not a little of course, in such men as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, but finding its finest and finished product in the man whom we delight to honor on this occasion, Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) Thoroughly sane, deeply serious, given as very few men have been given in the history of the world what we call good nature, disciplined and chastened by continuous mental struggles, by contradictions in his own family and in public life, yet ever sweet tempered, ever kind, he came to be the greatest leader of his time and one of the most skilful political leaders of modern days. I am not a political economist, but I do not believe that there is any other man in the history of this country that compares with Lincoln favorably as a political leader and organizer except it be Thomas Jefferson himself. Springing of course as we all know from the lowest and least educated of the people, nursed in a hunter's shack, with a clay floor, and his bed suspended from stakes that were driven into that clay, this man early experienced all the humiliations and all the restraints of self love that came finally to make him a man with a splendidly equipped individuality, but with a foolish egotism actually under his command.

Some of you will remember that in his essay on German literature, Carlyle says something like this, and Carlyle was not a Democrat in his thought or in his teachings: "There is a divine idea pervading the visible universe, which visible universe is its symbol and sensible manifestation, it having in itself no meaning and indeed no true existence without it." Then he goes on to say that to the mass of men that divine idea is hidden, and yet to discern it, to seize it, to live fully in it, is the condition of all virtue and knowledge and freedom and the end therefore of all spiritual endeavor in every age. I do not know whether you will agree with me, but I think that in the words of that great literary master we have a principle by which to explain the continuous influence and activity of Abraham Lincoln or of any other great man that has blessed the world. We never can judge

men accurately by standing close to them, whether they be little or large. If they are large men, such as was Abraham Lincoln, we are entirely too near them to get a full and accurate view of them. If they are little men that have been simply lifted into conspicuousness by their position we must needs wait until they stand at a distance to get their true perspective. And yet is it not true that the clods that fall upon the graves of the vast majority of men end their public career so far as this world is concerned. Only now and then some great man appears among us so colossal in mind and in heart that he refuses to die. You can not lock him in any tomb made by human hands, his influence and his life work persist throughout the ages. Well indeed has some one sung of such men: "They live again in minds made better by their presence, in deeds of daring, rectitude, in thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, and with their mild persistence urge men's search to vaster issues." Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. There is no other method of analysis in which I have been instructed by which you can determine the power of accomplishment of this man that has won as he has won the favor of the years. Perhaps this is a good place to say, certainly it is a good time to hear, that there is at least one fact and factor with which we men have to deal that can neither be cajoled nor bribed, and that is time. When the ages contribute to the perpetuity of a man's life and influence, it goes without the further saying that that man is bigger than his time. When the investment of a man's life does not diminish with his age, but increases in its annual returns as the ages pass, when his life work was of such a character that the years can not blot out his name, then it is worth while for us, with regard to the study of the character of such men, to observe the sign that they sometimes put at a railway crossing: "Stop, Look, Listen." This we may well do with regard to this great character, Abraham Lincoln. But it takes what I have chosen to call upon the card here, "a time exposure" for men to get the full view or even a correct view of men and of their lives. Over there in that land that was represented by two men who sat at yonder table a little while ago many years ago there lived a worthy character, Giordano Bruno, a lover of his kind, a lover of letters, a lover of the sunny land of Italy; yet that man with the love of his nation and his land at heart found no place in all his loved land from which he could teach his people. They pursued and persecuted him from city to city and finally crowded him into the great Eternal City, as it is called, into an imprisonment of seven

or eight months; then they dragged him into one of the squares of the city before a frenzied mob, and out of that frenzied mob there were willing hands to bring and pile about him the fagots; there were other willing hands to touch the torch to the fagots, and from that place there went up like Elijah of old the redeemed spirit of Bruno. But four hundred years afterward—that was a long time exposure—four hundred years afterward, in the very generation in which we live, the sons or successors of the men who murdered Bruno found as near as they could the very spot upon

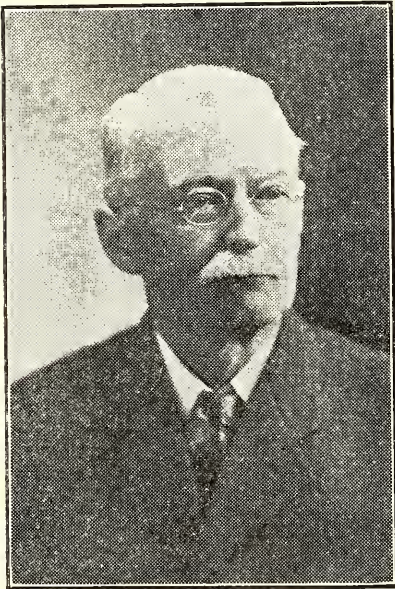


ALLAN L. SUTTON.

which he was murdered and there they have erected a graceful column that tells to the modern Italy and the young Italians something of the story of that great man Bruno. I think it is a safe saying that no man in all history has so grown in the favor and estimation of the civilized world as has Abraham Lincoln in the fifty years, or nearly that, since he was assassinated. It took 400 years for the people of Italy to discover and then to express their reverence and honor for Giordano Bruno; but in less than fifty years the assassin's bullet in the case of Lincoln has been converted into as many monuments of affection as there are human hearts throughout the civilized world.

How are you going to account for the continued and indeed increasing influence of this man? How are you going to explain the intangible, impalpable, and yet very real influence that we all feel about

us on every recurrence of the anniversary of the birth of this character that we call by the name of Abraham Lincoln? You can not explain it by his statesmanship. He was a statesman, I am well aware of that, but I am equally well aware that in the skilful manipulation of statecraft, in the expounding of the structure and functions of government, he was far excelled by Alexander Hamilton. You can not explain his influence by his oratory. We are all well aware that Lincoln stands well to the front in the line of the great orators produced by our American republic, and yet we know very well that he never reached the magnetic power of oratory easily and always maintained by the



ALZAMORE H. CLARK.

great Webster. Nor can you explain his influence by what people generally call his boundless good sense, or common sense. He had that, and we are grateful that he had it; it relieved the great burdens of the man's soul many a time; possibly it saved the nation at some one of its great crises; but even in the matter of common sense he was possibly excelled, he was certainly equalled by Benjamin Franklin. Nor can you explain this man's continuous and increasing influence by his devotion to the cause of abolition, for there were other men as, for instance, Wendall Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, who did more than Lincoln to awaken and direct and crystalize the moral conviction of the

people with regard to the liberation of the slave. Nor can you explain this man's influence by the fact that he was president of these United States during the most troubled period of our national history. It would not be a safe statement to say that Abraham Lincoln in every particular was the greatest man born or influencing this nation between the years 1809 and 1865. You must look deeper than the man's words, you must look deeper than his deeds, deeper than his position, if you will know the secret of the influence, the undying influence, of this great president and greater man. Again I return to that sentiment from the great literary character quoted and I say to you that for myself at least, and therefore I commend it to the judgment of my fellow men, the explanation of the continued and increasing influence of this man was simply this: he discovered, he seized upon, he lived wholly in the dominant idea of his age, the divine idea then prevailing the history of this country. Now I care not in what age he may live or in what country, any man who discovers the prevailing divine idea in his particular time and gives himself to it will make himself known to the end of time.

Take, for instance, the continued influence in the world's speculative thought of Plato. Plato in his time discovered what he believed to be the divine idea in the line of thought, to which he gave himself, the function of philosophy to interpret life, and for twenty-five centuries men in that department of the world's thought have almost worshipped the name of Plato. Copernicus, in his time, discovered what he believed to be the divine idea in the universe, in the constellations above his head, and thenceforth until this day and for continuous years hereafter wherever the morning stars sing together they magnify the glory of the great astronomer. Charles Darwin, born in the same year, in the same month and on the same day of the month as Abraham Lincoln, discovered the divine idea, at least to him, in that theory of evolution ever associated with his name; that method of creation as he understood it and taught it; and from that day until this nature by its powers and its works makes perfume and music to the name and to the honor of the name of Charles Darwin. Now Abraham Lincoln was not a philosopher, Abraham Lincoln was not interested especially in the astronomy of the universe; Abraham Lincoln was not interested in scientific botany; Abraham Lincoln was interested in men, without regard to race, or color or previous condition of servitude, and therefore his future is secure. The universities of the land and of other civilized lands will care for the future history of Plato; the great observatories con-

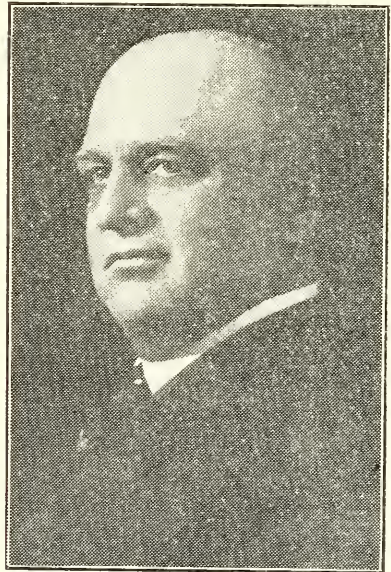
nected with such institutions will care for the future name of the great astronomer; wherever scientific men are interested in the discovery of other and newer laws of nature, or the application of them to modern industries, there the name of Charles Darwin will be honored; but wherever humanity is struggling, suffering, despairing, triumphing humanity, there Abraham Lincoln will be enshrined forever in human hearts.

Men once the slaves of petty kings beyond the waters, and later the slaves of human masters in Christian America, but slaves, as was said by the president of this organization a few months ago, until by the stroke of his pen Abraham Lincoln made them free men, will ever lift their dusky faces in gratitude, not only to God, but to God's man who was their redeemer under His direction. Soldiers, like the president of this organization again, who wore the blue, soldiers, too, who wore the gray, more of whom to-day walk the hills of light than press their wearied feet upon the fields of the conflict in the great South land, have learned by the time exposure of fifty years or less that there was room enough in the heart of the great commoner for the good and the great and the noble on both sides of the conflict, and all have learned to think of him as their great commander-in-chief; and it was because he gave himself to the dominant idea of his time, to the central current of our national life in his period, I do not know what the future of our country may be, but I believe most heartily and have the utmost confidence that whatever be the future of our country as it moves on to the fulfilment of its high destiny under the blessing and guidance of Almighty God, we shall be directed, as were the Hebrews of old, by the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, in the influence of the great Westerner. However great our nation becomes as a power among the nations of the earth, however great becomes our commerce, however strong the influence of our nation to effect among the nations of the earth international peace and universal unity, the stronger, the wider, the firmer becomes the hold of this great man upon our nation, yes, and upon all civilized nations; this great man, who in his life gave his chief endeavor to unifying and organizing a divided people, and in his death left a legacy so tender and beautiful and full of sacrifice that it has bound together in bands of undying love the otherwise dissevered and separated members of our national household.

Hon. James K. Apgar then addressed the chair and stated that Thomas Nelson, Jr., had in his possession a letter from Abraham Lincoln. Some years

ago Thomas Nelson, Sr., after having attended one of these Lincoln dinners, stated that he had somewhere among his papers a letter from Lincoln. It was not known just then where it was. Since then it had been found by Thos. Nelson, Jr., and it was believed that the gentlemen present would like to hear it read.

President Anderson then called upon Mr. Nelson, who, with a few preliminary explanatory remarks, read the letter from Mr. Lincoln to Hon. Wm. Nelson and the latter's reply.



THOMAS NELSON, JR.

The next speaker introduced was the Hon. Richard E. Connell, editor of the Daily News-Press of Poughkeepsie, the leading morning Democratic daily newspaper of the Hudson River valley. He is much in demand as a public speaker, and at the last general election had the distinction of defeating for the office of congressman Hon. Hamilton Fish, who sought re-election but was beaten by Mr. Connell by over 600 plurality.

On arising Congressman Connell se-

cured a laugh by a good story on the Irishman who when he was taken to a hospital was asked which ward he preferred replied with characteristic humor that he "did not care which ward it be so long as it be safely Democratic." He also told a negro dialect story which aroused the risibilities of his audience.

Then the speaker launched into his address of the evening, "The Sons of the Republic," and spoke in part as follows:



HON. RICHARD E. CONNELL,

If you ask me for what I am most thankful in the fact of Abraham Lincoln, I answer, the fact that he is a typical son of this Republic.

If you ask me what there is of greatest moment in the fact of this Republic, I answer, the fact that it produced Abraham Lincoln.

If you ask me if there be anything greater than this, in the fact of this Republic, I answer that it is to be

found in the certainty that in every crisis in its development, in every danger to its honor, or its life, it always did, and it always will, produce a son, who, like Abraham Lincoln, will throw his giant figure between his country's institutions and any force, be it assailant from without, or treason from within, that may beset them.

A biographer of Lincoln has this to say: "Therefore, there need be no fear that, upon the anniversaries of Lincoln's birth and death, nothing can be said of him which has not been uttered before. There will always be new suggestions, new revelations, new understandings, for of such capacity was the quality of his intellect and soul."

Lincoln is not different from other great men, so far as his place in history is safe, or otherwise, from the danger of hero worship. It may be well, in the presence of such a transcendent character as Lincoln, to face the hopeful truth that, great as he was, the Republic did not in producing him lose its capacity for rearing great sons, nor did a single avenue along which Lincoln walked from the depths of obscurity to the mountain peak of fame, close forever when he died.

In one of the novels which treats of the gathering forces of the American Revolution, the daughter of an aristocratic family is made to say to her lover that she must visit the Old World, if she is ever to meet anybody worth while. The lover answers in effect in one of those potent lines that could happen in no other literature but ours. "Wait, dear, and sooner than you think there will be any number of great men in our country whom it will be well worth while to know and to meet. This was the writer's way of interpreting the possibilities of that form of government which was then crystalizing under the eyes of many a wiser person than a society-loving girl, and understood it not.

He was thinking of the Adamses, the Jeffersons, the Washingtons, the Henrys, the Lees, and other families who gave to liberty that galaxy of sons whose names shine out in the story of the American Revolution.

And so whenever I think of Lincoln it is with the hope that we may ever be able to contemplate his greatness without feeling that should there come to our Republic a crisis like unto the one which gave us this Saviour of the Union, there would be none to save it again, for it is in its sons, their character and their capacity that the Republic has promise of its perpetuity.

I am to speak to-night on the topic, "Sons of the Republic," and if I am long in getting to it, it is not because the Republic is, or ever has been, short of sons worth talking about. When the struggling patriots of 1775 and 1776

made up their minds to break away from the mother country there was a disposition beyond the sea to laugh at their pretensions. It took eight years of war to write in the annals of freedom the illustrious names of America's sons whose monument is our country and whose glory is our inheritance. These patriots came down from the hills, up from the fields, out of the homes of wealth, from the cottages of poverty and "from every Middlesex, village and farm," for in God's plan Democracy was to be thus established, in order that it might present to the world a country of equal opportunity, where simple manhood is the passport to success, and where snobbery is but a libel upon true life.

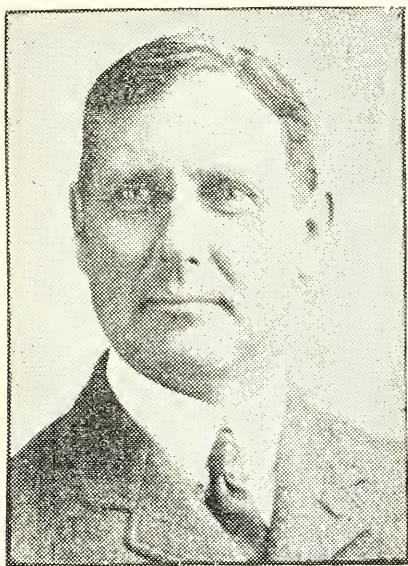
Again, when civil war had called tremendous armies to the field, the soldiers of the Old World, who were military stu-

appeared to the crown heads, the scions of royalty, the princes, dukes and earls, who from their governmental and family heights looked upon the struggle going on here between the North and the South back in 1864. These two were Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. There they were, put forth in the midst of a conflict in which a nation, with its destinies, with its possibilities and its flag was involved. The first, a rugged product of a log cabin in the Kentucky woods; the other the development of an obscure tailor in Tennessee who could neither read nor write until taught to do so by his wife after he had become of age. The first had learned to read and write a little earlier in life, but his school was his cabin log fire, his library his borrowed books, and his university the frontier and the Mississippi River. Fancy the professors, with the accumulated learning of centuries behind them, and in them contemplating this promising pair, put forth to interpret constitutions, manage great armies and rescue freedom's institutions from the peril of rebellion!

Ah, glorious sons of the Republic, children of real democracy, you were never lacking, nor will you ever be, when this country, whose boast is her motherhood of patriots, shall need her sons for the conflicts of war or the conquests of peace.

Such is the nature of our Republic that its calamities, through the patriotism of its sons, and the beauteous bravery of its daughters, contribute to its greatness three of our Presidents, who were perhaps the most typical sons of the Republic in our list of chief executive, were assassinated. Lincoln died on the first occasion on which he felt that he could seek surcease from care, because the Union was saved at last. Men's passions were at flood tide and the hatred of war rankled in a million hearts. The smoke of battle, the scattering ashes of desolation, the sighs of the dying sons of the Republic were still in the atmosphere when the bullet of the murderer reached the emancipator. Instantly as if that wicked bullet had been transformed into a touch of the finger of God, the sons of the Republic involuntarily stood closer together as they wept for his fall. What a million bullets fired in the war had not accomplished the shot which ended Lincoln's life set in motion the forces which were to bring together American brothers who had been divided.

When the first waves of rebellion were breaking at his feet and a war in which an ocean of blood should flow to the consecration of many a field of the Union was in sight, it was Lincoln who said: "We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break



PERLEY H. MASON.

dents by profession, and commanders by inheritance, looked incredulously upon the possibility of great generals appearing amid such conditions. As they looked they beheld a soldier fit to be named with Napoleon, a general not to be surpassed, in point of success, in history; and they saw him come from obscurity so great that it marked him a failure at the age of forty, but who, in the Republic's crisis, took command of its armies and saved its institutions.

Speaking of sons of the Republic, contemplate two of them as they must have

our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Ah! great son of the Republic, dying chieftain of a chastened but preserved Union, the attack upon your life touched the "mystic chord" that gave to every American heart and conscience a new birth of resolution to get together for the future, forgetting the unhappy past—a past that had cost us, ah! so much, even to your untimely death!

Let me say, as we stand to-night in a reunited country that the final chord in that music of the Union which sweetened Lincoln's life, has been touched by the present successor of Lincoln. This was done when President Taft elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States, one who had marched with his brothers in the Confederate Army and who had turned from the conflict to face with his brethren as noble and heroic a task as any people ever knew on this earth, that of coming through reconstruction to the solution of the problem, and whose appointment at this time marks the final extinguishment of the last ember of possible sectional difference in our land.

In the career of James A. Garfield, from the towpath of a canal through the years of the Civil War, distinction in Congress and election to the Presidency there is inspiration. When, prompted by insanity, a murderer struck him down, once again Americans put aside the political passions of the time, and no sooner had the news of the assault upon the President reached every corner of the Republic than we beheld a whole nation, regardless of all the differences incident to life, mingling their tears in sorrow and renewing their devotion to the Republic whose son had fallen at the threshold of the Presidency.

Speaking of the death of Garfield, James G. Blaine coined into living phrase that which was in every American heart when he said, "Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great wave breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

O typical son of a Republic of equal opportunity, what a blessing rested upon thy bier! For it was the blessing of a united country upon the life and services of one of its distinguished sons.

And still another son of this Republic was destined to take his place among those whose lives were sacrificed to the passions and misguided intellect of the

country's enemies. If there was fear in the land that anarchy might seek its sway, the death inflicted upon the gentle McKinley aroused this nation to a united brotherhood which at once made impossible the spread of that hateful doctrine. Like Lincoln and Garfield, McKinley walked out from the mass of his countrymen to take his place on the firing line of the Republic and by his bravery, his lofty patriotism and his beautiful life to become an example among the public men of his country and of his time.

Every note of difference that chanced to be echoing anywhere in the Republic



HUGH J. MCGOWAN.

was silenced as in grief and tears the American people gathered to deplore the end of so beloved a son as William McKinley. I sometimes think that there was at least some of the depth of feeling which was in every American heart at that time in these modest lines:

Near two little mounds at Canton

At rest till the judgment day,

Asleep with his little children

As if weary of work, of play,

We bid him good-bye forever

As back to the strife we go.

How sweet are the years with children

Only the blessed know!

The king in his tomb of marble,

Or high in the hall of fame,

May seem to rest in grandeur

Which trappings and stones proclaim.

But sweeter the grave at Canton,
Where rests our beloved to-day,
Asleep with his little children,
At rest till the judgment day.

Lest we be led to imagine that the conditions which Lincoln conquered would be fatal in our time, we might look at just one other son of the Republic whose experience carries out the best hope of this form of government. Some years ago two Swedish immigrants, penniless and friendless, took up life in Minnesota. The father failed in every way possible for a worthless man to fail. The only inheritance which he left his



GEO. E. BRIGGS.

son was the appalling fact that his father had been the village drunkard and had died in the poorhouse. The son helped his mother through many years of struggle and, I doubt not, many a day of scanty living. Plunging into the battle of life, in the only country where a man has equal chance in that battle, this boy came to one day find himself nominated for Governor of the State of Minnesota. His opponent, one of those accidental snobs in American politics who sometimes rises to the crest of the wave, announced that it was a pity that

the son of such conditions should be nominated for the high office of Governor against one so blue-blooded as himself. The mere statement of this issue was enough. The American people composing the State of Minnesota did the rest, and three times they elevated to the Governorship John A. Johnson.

It was Lincoln who said, "All that I am, all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

And so it happened that only the other day there was a great funeral at St. Paul. The body of the great Governor of Minnesota lay in state while thousands of people passed in respect and grief to look upon his silent face. It was the boy who in the village of St. Peter had been known as the son of the village vagabond and who toiled with his mother through the years of her hardship, self-denial and penury; who had grown to splendid manhood in an American State, and because of whose death a whole nation mourned. And the reports of the funeral concluded thus: "And they took him to the little graveyard near the village of St. Peter, and there they buried him beside his mother, so that 'in death' they who had clung so closely to each other through an ocean of poverty and sorrow 'were not divided'."

On this, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, it is well to couple with his memory the names of other illustrious sons of the Republican. America has her great sons in war and in peace. The wires which carry thought around the globe, over the land and under the ocean literally sparkle with American genius. And so wherever we turn we behold the sons of our Republic so living and so achieving as to be worthy of their mother. So may it ever be.

He closed his address with a magnificent peroration, an apostrophe to the American flag.

The next address, "Reflections from the Life of Abraham Lincoln," was by Hon. Merton E. Lewis, of Rochester, N. Y., who was a State Senator at Albany from Monroe County for a number of years.

Senator Lewis referred to the eloquence of the two speakers who preceded him and apologized for what he might have to say following two such gifted orators. He said that he came from the banks of the Genesee to the banks of the Hudson, and as the lordly Hudson was greater than the humble Genesee so the addresses thus far of the evening surpassed any feeble effort he might make. Senator Lewis

then continued, as follows:

I esteem it a great honor to be asked to your dinner and an even greater honor to be asked to speak. As I look over the list of honorary members of your organization and find that each has at some previous occasion like this addressed you. I am impressed with the thought that the compliment is beyond my deserts and shrink from the task lest invidious comparisons be drawn not to my advantage.

Your splendid hospitality, however, should give confidence and inspiration to discuss almost any subject, and when the subject is the life and character of the man in whose honor we are gathered together to-night, little else should be needed in the way of inspiration.

The fact of the matter is that there is so much to be said upon the subject; it has so many sides, so many view points, so many phases and angles, that the danger is that the available time will be exceeded. For that reason and in order that I may not unwittingly trespass upon your patience, I have selected from the mass of what might well be said those things only which seems to me may best be said at this time, and will carefully confine myself to my manuscript and thus conclude my remarks while yet some remain to listen.

Abraham Lincoln was a great man. He was a wise man, a human man, a patient, honest, God-fearing, deep-thinking man. A man who would not shirk a duty or dodge a responsibility. Some have said that he was the greatest man who ever lived. For myself I confess that I am helpless in the effort to form an opinion. The word "greatest" involves the idea of comparison. My reading of history and literature has not disclosed any character with whom he might appropriately be compared.

Certainly he was not like Washington, or Jefferson, or Hamilton, or Madison, or like any of the fathers of the Republic or the Constitution. Admirers of Andrew Jackson, Gen. Grant and William McKinley will tell you that they were great men. But will any of such admirers care to assert that the greatness of any of them was like the greatness of Lincoln? Julius Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, each in his way was a great man. But will it be claimed that any one of them was great in the sense that Lincoln was great?

Nearly the half of a century has passed since he ceased to be, but the advancing years have not swerved to dim the lustre of his achievement.

The lapse of time, calm reflection, careful consideration of the great events with which he was called upon to deal, the obstacles of which he had to overcome, the responsibilities which he was forced to assume, the tremendous, far-reaching, awe-inspiring results which he accomplished, and which as we look

back and study the conditions which existed we are convinced that only he could have accomplished, all, all of these I think force us to the conclusion that greatness such as was personified in him has not been known except in him.

Abraham Lincoln was the mystery of the age in which he lived. Were anyone of the well known writers of fiction to attempt to weave into a romance the events, the actual every day events of the life of Abraham Lincoln, his book would never find a publisher. The story would be too improbable to warrant the investment in paper and ink for placing such a book upon the market. A rail-



HON. MERTON E. LEWIS,

splitter at twenty-one, the President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of its army and navy at fifty-two? "Impossible," the publisher would say. No, not impossible. History, not fiction.

Abraham Lincoln proved the falsity of the old adage that "A jack of all trades is a master of none." At twenty-one he was a hog-killer at 32 cents, "2 and 6" per day. At this particular kind of work he is said to have been an expert. His next recorded employment was at rail-splitting. Tradition has it that for each four hundred rails he split he received one yard of brown jean cloth.

Next he was pilot on a flat boat down the Mississippi River; then a clerk in a general store, then a steamboat navigator.

When the Black Hawk war broke out he became a captain of the militia. After the war he embarked in the business of

a grocer. In this enterprise he seems to have scored his only failure. He failed, failed completely, owing what must have seemed to him a very large sum of money at that time. There was no bankruptcy act on the statute books, but whether there was or not, he paid his debts—paid them all in full.

He was postmaster at New Salem and combined with the regular duties of that position the duties of a letter carrier, carrying the letters for his patrons in his hat and delivering them as he met the persons to whom they were addressed. The New Salem post office after a time ceased to exist, though not because of any fault of his, and he then entered upon the business of a land surveyor.



WILBUR L. ELLIS.

Very early in life Mr. Lincoln became imbued with the idea that he was intended to hold public office. He sought election to the Legislature and after one or two defeats was elected to that office. It does not appear that he had any scruples about office-seeking. Office-seeking was not regarded at that time with as much disfavor by the public as in these latter days.

He left no record of achievement during his first term, and history records nothing of consequence during his second term, except that he and two others jumped from the legislative window in order to break a quorum and prevent the transaction of the public business. His

chief purpose was to accomplish the division of Sangamon County and change the capital of the State to Springfield.

He was elected a Member of Congress, served one term and retired without having distinguished himself. He applied for and was refused the position of Commissioner of the Land Office, but was offered the position of Governor of the Territory of Oregon, which he declined. So far as appears this is the only public office which he ever declined.

He was a candidate for the office of United States Senator in 1855 and was defeated; a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Fremont in the first national Republican Convention in 1856 and was defeated.

In 1858 he again sought election to the United States Senate and was again defeated. It was during this latter campaign that he carried on with Stephen A. Douglas the joint debate in which he made for himself a reputation which if not national was at least more than local. The speeches which he made in the Douglas debates attracted the attention of the political leaders in the East and led to an invitation to visit and speak in some of the Eastern cities.

When the Republican convention met at Chicago in 1860, he was known just well enough, and not too well to be an available candidate for the Presidency. He was not the first choice of a majority of the delegates, but he was less objectionable to a majority than any other candidate and was nominated. In bringing about the nomination he had the assistance of capable and shrewd politicians who did not hesitate to promise cabinet positions in return for votes of delegates, although expressly forbidden by Mr. Lincoln so to do.

The nomination was not particularly popular, and many of the leaders of the newly-born party were doubtful of success. Notwithstanding the lukewarm character of the support given by some of the party leaders, he must have been gratified by the fact that he actually received a majority of all the votes that were cast.

I have sometimes wondered what might have been the consequences had he been defeated.

The Southern States were openly declaring at the time that his election would mean secession. In the North the abolitionists under the leadership of Wendell Phillips, Owen Lovejoy and many other radical-minded men were declaring that slavery must be abolished. Mr. Lincoln himself had frequently declared that slavery was a moral, social and political wrong, and that the country could not continue to exist half-slave and half-free. He had made this declaration in his debates with Douglas and in his Eastern speeches. It met with warm approval from the abolitionists and aroused

violent condemnation in the South.

Stephen A. Douglass was the candidate of the Democratic party. In himself he represented and typified a large body of voters who were desirous of compromising the South. He had always been a compromiser. Never had he taken any position which distinctly identified him either with those who believed in slavery and desired to see it perpetuated, or with those who condemned slavery and wished to see it abolished. His ambition was boundless. Never consciously or willingly did he take a position on any question which seemed likely to interfere with that ambition. His was a pleasing personality. He was what is called a magnetic man, an orator, debater and rhetorician. It is not difficult to conceive that in these times, aided by the power of the New York city newspapers and their "echoes" throughout the east, he might have won. In those days men read less and thought more. They had not learned to take their political convictions ready made and served to them red hot and under flaming red head lines, at the breakfast table. The voters really had views of their own, views for which they were ready to fight, because they knew those views were right. Men were not ashamed to be partisans. They were partisans, fighting partisans, knowing what they believed and able and willing to defend their principles in any way that might be necessary.

The South was aggressive, blustering, threatening. The leaders were ambitious and determined. The creation of a new republic made up of slave states would, it seemed to them, settle the controversies which had so long served to disturb the public mind, and with the slavery question settled, nothing, they felt, could obstruct the development of the South.

The Southern states knew Douglas to be a compromiser and would have none of him. For that reason the Charleston Convention made up of delegates from slave states, placed a ticket in the field with John C. Breckenridge at its head.

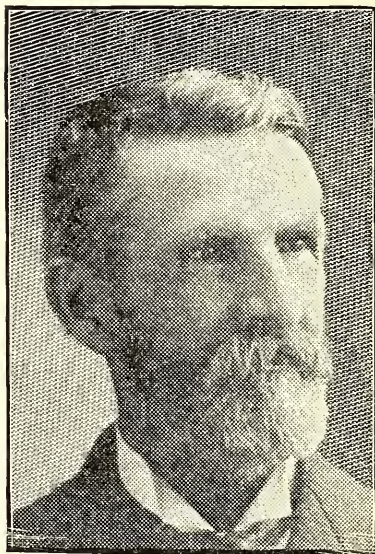
Had Douglas been elected, the South would have made demands upon him which he would have been compelled by public opinion at the North to refuse. Then would have come secession, with a President at Washington, who had never denied the right of the slave states to secede, and whose record was a succession of compromises and attempts at compromises. Would he have felt that he had the constitutional right to use force to prevent such secession? Had he attempted to do so, there would have been doubts of his good faith, a lack of confidence in the man, a constant fear of another compromise. It is, of course, mere speculation, but it seems likely that some such attempt at compromise would have been made, and unlikely that any-

thing substantial would have resulted from such attempts.

History, so far as I know, furnishes no parallel to the situation which would probably have been created had Douglas defeated Lincoln in November 1860.

The right of secession having once been established and admitted, there might have been not only a southern confederacy, but a New England confederacy, a Pacific confederacy, a North-west confederacy, and so on until nothing would have been left of the United States of America but our own Empire State. We would never secede.

What might have happened had Breck-



JOHN SMITH, JR.

enridge been elected is not worth considering, for the reason that he was at no time a formidable candidate, and was probably nominated by the Charleston Convention for the purpose of making Mr. Lincoln's election a certainty.

It is difficult to express in words the magnitude of the task which confronted him when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated on March 4, 1861; and great as it must have seemed to him at that time, it continued to grow and to become more complex, more involved, more tangled as the months dragged by. It was necessary to create an army. There was need of men. Capable commanders were not available. A large number of the officers of the regular army resigned their commissions and entered the rebel army. Supplies and munitions of war had been purposely diverted to Southern

depots. Equipment of all sorts was needed to take the place of that which had been seized by the rebels and converted to their own use. There were dissensions among the people of the North, dissensions among the newspapers which had supported him in the campaign dissensions among the leaders of his party, dissensions among the members of his cabinet, dissensions among the generals of the army. He was called upon to meet assaults upon his character, his integrity of purpose, his ability to plan or execute. Personal abuse was heaped upon him. Shortly after he became President, one of the members of his cabinet even had the temerity to suggest to him in writing that the president turn over to him the cabinet officers, the actual control of public affairs and pledge himself in advance to support and carry out the policy which such cabinet officers might

as its responsible editor, led in such assaults. The wicked, unwarranted and unfounded attacks, both in and outside of the columns of the Tribune were at the time and always remained a disgrace to the paper and to the man responsible for it. Greeley and the Tribune were far from being alone; other papers and other public men and leaders of public thought contributed, to an extent lessened only by their smaller abilities, to embarrass discredit and discourage the leader of the nation in the performance of the greatest task that ever fell to the lot of a human being.

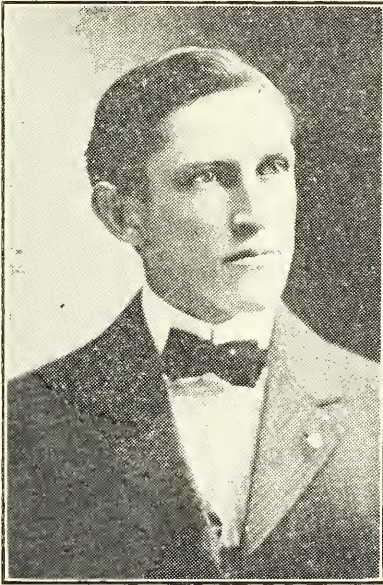
Defeats in the field of the armies of the Union, deaths, desertions and expirations of terms of enlistment, made new enlistments necessary. When voluntary enlistment ceased, drafts were resorted to. The drafts lead to riots. To the everlasting disgrace of this state, the governor then in office aided and encouraged such resistance and failed in the performance of his duty in suppressing such riots.

The war was declared to be a failure and organizations were formed in the North, which more or less openly undertook the task of aiding and assisting the enemies of the republic in armed rebellion.

As a military necessity, the emancipation proclamation was issued. This was effective in freeing the slaves of only those who were in armed resistance to the authority of the government. To make the proclamation fully effective, legislation was necessary and amendments to the Constitution were desirable. Mr. Lincoln undertook to procure, and after much argument and effort, did procure the passage of such measures as he thought necessary.

For four long years the struggle continued. The President of the United States, backed by the common people, the people whom he knew and loved, and who knew and loved him maintained the struggle against an enemy in arms, encouraged in its resistance by the governments of Europe; by a large and influential section of the people of the North, speaking through their newspapers, and even in the pulpit and upon the platform. Thousands of lives were given up that the nation might live; blood and treasure were expended in ever increasing quantities, given in large part cheerfully, freely and in the firm belief that he, who coming from the common people, had been exalted by them to a pinnacle, than which there is none higher, would finally succeed in his great task of crushing the rebellion and preserving the nation as one nation—one and inseparable.

Under the guidance of Him to whom he constantly looked for guidance, this man finally triumphed. Richmond was evacuated and the war was over. And then on that fateful night in April, 1865,



CLIFFORD COUCH.

determine to adopt. The need of money for the maintenance of the army was always pressing.

The attitude of foreign nations was distinctly unfriendly. A navy had to be created and equipped. A blockade of Southern ports had to be declared and enforced. Many of those who had worked hardest for his election were among those who did most to embarrass, obstruct and interfere with him in the performance of his duties. The New York Tribune with Horace Greeley

when victory had been won and success was assured, when criticism upon the conduct of the war was stilled this man, who for four years had been the chief in authority over more men and greater armies than had ever assembled under any flag in any country of the world, was violently removed from the scene of his triumph and laid low by the bullet of the assassin.

Lincoln died, but not until his work was done.

During our national existence there have been raised up and exalted many men, men to whom the popular mind has credited qualities that were, in their way, admirable, and worthy of fame more lasting and national regard, more enduring than has been accorded to them. Every war in which the country has been engaged has produced its heroes, but our people have often proved themselves fickle, and ready and willing to toss aside the hero of yesterday for the hero of to-day. Popular as may have been the heroes of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War and the Spanish War, their fame was but temporary ethereal, fleeting. It melted away and was forgotten. In the hurry and excitement, the rush and hustle of life under prevailing modern conditions, fame to be lasting must have for its foundation something more substantial than the ability to sink a fleet or lead a charge, to write a letter or to make a speech.

We may have our leaders, our orators, our professional cure-alls, our demagogues, our perambulating, side-stepping, blustering, condemning, restless, obstinate self-willed editors and teachers of new doctrines and new thought and new everything else. And for the time it may appear that the people have been convinced that the old Constitution is obsolete and worn out, and has ceased to be of service. Not so. Do not fear. The man to whose memory we are here to-night to pay respect declared that it is impossible to fool all the people all the time. He knew, because he was of the people, one of them, one of the commonest of them. He knew.

Unfortunately, both Congressman Connell and Senator Lewis had to catch a train at 11.11, the former north for Poughkeepsie, the latter south for New York. Therefore Senator Lewis was somewhat hurried, could hardly do justice to his theme and at the very last was compelled to "speed up," conclude his address quickly and make a dash at 11.01 for a carriage in waiting.

The last but not the least speaker of the evening was Dr. Arthur H. El-

liot, so well known in Peekskill, where he resided for a number of years.

Dr. Elliott spoke as follows:

After such a glittering demonstration of oratory as we have listened to this evening a few reminiscences of an apprentice boy may sound very flat and out of place, but in myself I connect the city of Manchester and the village of Peekskill in a very curious way. Thirty-six years ago I walked into this town to meet some of the best friends I have ever known. After I arrived here you had a celebration, a joyous time for you, but rather an unhappy time for an Englishman to remember—1876.



DR. ARTHUR H. ELLIOT

the celebration of the independence of 1776; on that occasion I had the good fortune to listen to one of the brightest minds that ever spoke in an American pulpit, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who some of you older men may remember, gave the oration on that occasion. As I listened to him I remembered another occasion when I had heard him about ten years before; it was in the great city of Manchester when I was an apprentice boy: he undertook to speak to a mob of 6,000 people in Free Trade Hall, and gentlemen, I was one of the mob. (Laughter.) But it is difficult to-day to understand exactly the motives that actuated the minds of Englishmen of that time. Imagine a city of 350,000 people whose principal business was to

take care of the spinning of cotton from 90,000,000 spindles, at that time every spindle still, at that time families of six to eight people lining the street of Market and Deansgate in the city of Manchester starving; people who could not understand why you were so long settling this controversy, people whose bread and butter depended upon your cotton fields; and there landed into the midst of that starving people—and a hungry man lacks reason—Henry Ward Beecher; and I want to tell you some of the things he did. I have here a book with some of his speeches, and the burning words he spoke to the Englishmen at that time. Just before that time, in 1862, he was telling his own countrymen



ALBERT E. PHIN:

here things like this: "To-day there is mourning in the factories of England, there is famine in her streets, and the commercial classes are demanding that the ports of the South shall be opened." It was hunger that was driving the commercial interests to open your ports in the South. But Beecher continues: "There is no power even in hell, though you bring its worst monstrosities upon the earth, that for one moment will hinder or turn back this testimony: That God made man free."

Now he is speaking before he went to England, so you can see that he had become thoroughly enthused and warmed up to the spirit of his mission before he went. "I am moved to this," he says,

"because it is the public sentiment of states and communities; I am but the mouthpiece of millions of men, and I say to those who say treachery and tyranny: Beware! God has come to judgment, but He has come to a judgment by which he will purify His people and make them a peculiar people, zealous of good works. We shall see a glorious union, we shall see a restored constitution"—how prophetic these words—"we shall see a liberty in whose bright day Georgia and Massachusetts will shake hands that shall never be separated again. Now there is fierceness and hatred, but there shall come fellowship and union that no foreign influence can break, no home trouble shall ever mar again. We shall live to see a better day."

Now the mission that sent Mr. Beecher to Europe, according to the story, was a pleasure trip for the benefit of his health; and he says in one of his addresses that he did not wish to talk to the English; that it was too troublesome; he said: "No, I am going home in September. I do not want anything to do with England." It is the common impression that Mr. Beecher went there for the special purpose of addressing the English people, but those are his own words. There was an appeal made to him while he was there by what was called the Emancipation Society, and this is what they said to him: they told him that they had been called the off-scouring of the earth for taking part with the mob—what certain people had called those Englishmen who were working for emancipation—and they said: "If you do not help us, we shall be overwhelmed. They will say: 'Even your American friends despise you,' and Beecher's generous heart responded, and you know the result.

The English populace without votes, you must remember, is very powerful; and the populace had been warmed up by the Slave Holders' Association, and the association sought to bring action upon parliament by these mobs, and parliament would have voted at any time for the South against the North, but they feared the populace. Now the Slave Holders' Association sought to win this populace; they had great men, but they did not have Henry Ward Beechers. The Emancipation men got hold of Henry Ward Beecher. Beecher was alone; Raymond, who was with him, left him early in the summer, and he says he was never so lonely in his life. The blood red placards looked formidable, his friends feared for him and they said so; but Beecher said: "Are you going to back down?" "No, but we didn't know how you would feel." "Well, you will find out how I feel pretty soon, I am going to be heard," and he was. When he went on the stage at Manchester it was practically impossible to hear

anything or to see anything; he had a great many missiles thrown at him, but after a while he got started. As near as I can remember the words—I can not quote them exactly—he said something like this: "I have always heard Englishmen admired for their love of fair play; you have had your inning, now let me have mine." And they listened to him for about ten or fifteen minutes. Then he was interrupted from time to time. It is very difficult for me to tell you all the things that happened about that time and it is so late now I will not attempt to do so; but it is interesting to recall some of the things that were said. A great many men were invited to attend the meetings by the placards to give him what was called "a disgusting reception;" this was public print all over town, blood red letters. One of Beecher's remarks at the meeting was: "Here I am before you willing to tell you what I think of England and every person in it." That sounds thoroughly like Beecher. This was another remark of his: "There are hissing men in this audience, yet are you not respectable? There was one Judas; is Christianity a hoax?"

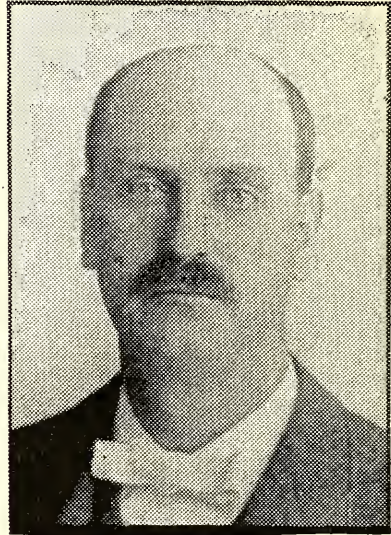
Lord Wharncliffe was the spokesman for the Slave Holders' Association and he made a number of statements that Mr. Beecher knew were untrue. Stevens was another speaker and claimed that the republic was built on the cornerstone of slavery. Wharncliffe claimed that ships were fitted out for the slave trade in New York and Boston, and Beecher said: "Yes, it is true, but those ships were just as much despised, loathed and hissed by New York merchants as if they had put up the black flag of piracy." Somebody said: "We are fighting for the Union and not for the slave." "Yes," said Beecher, "why are we fighting for the Union? Because we believe that the Union and its government now administered by Northern men will work out the emancipation of every living being on the continent of America."

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be here with you to-night. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to testify to the fact that Mr. Beecher forgave me years afterwards in his own house for any part that I might have had in the reception we gave him in Manchester. I learned to admire him very much when he lived in Peekskill and I have read many of his works. I want to say that I am an American citizen now; I have been here forty years and I am more American now than I am English, but I thought it would not be uninteresting to know something of the feeling that actuated the English populace, and indirectly the English boy, in 1863.

With a few good night words by President Anderson, the seventh an-

nual dinner of the Lincoln Society of Peekskill was concluded at the very reasonable and seasonable hour of 11.30.

The menus were in the usual style of the Lincoln dinners—a four page leaflet of heavy white dresden within a heavy buff cover and tied with silk.



FRED F. ROE.

On the front was the medallion of Lincoln. On the first inside page of the cover was this sonnet:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring
of pain?
'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain,
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops Pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain;
They slew themselves—they but set Lincoln free,
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whosoever will, may find him,—any-

where
Save in the tomb, not there—he is not
there.

—JAMES McKAY.

On the third page of the cover was this reference to the great emancipator:

LINCOLN.

Born February 12, 1809.

When the sons of men go forth to war they have never lacked their leader. For sailing the unplumed sea, and daring the rim of the world, there are gentlemen aplenty to take the trail. Great captains have there been for all these moods of men, adventurous, militant, intrepid. But in man's deepest need he goes unled and disconsolate. He craves some great companion who is acquainted with his grief. Deeper than his high courage and adventurous quest lies his immemorial heart-ache, the price he pays for being finer than his imperfect world, larger than his destiny, more sensitive than his environment. He suffers because all that is excellent in him is troubled with the human spectacle, the almost universal sadness of things, the injustice done his mates.

Once and again in history have men felt themselves in a presence luminous with pity and love, who answered this cry of their being. One of them was the man whom our country knew in its anguish. In him once more had the heart that lies hidden behind this vain show of things released its infinite yearning into the world of men. Once more had something out of the mystery so loved the world.

He came to the common folk. He is of us, by that strange guise, marred face, untutored way. He suffered even as we from the scorn of the proud, the sudden blows of fate, the silent wear of time and chance. He overspread a continent with his pity. Men became strong to endure, for love lay waiting at the end, nor were they hopeless in defeat when pity unfolded their striving.

One more such man and we throw off hate and base desire, and create a world that would make that lonely heart at home.

ARTHUR H. GLEASON.

Courtesy of American Magazine.

On the last page of the cover was an American flag.

On the first page of the inside leaflet was the announcement, date, etc., of the dinner:

On page two were the officers, as follows:

President—Homer Anderson.
Secretary—J. Coleridge Darrow.

Treasurer—Edward Finch Hill.

Vice-Presidents—A. D. Dunbar, James K. Apgar, Isaac H. Smith, Allan L. Sutton, Leverett F. Crumb, Alzamora H. Clark, Perley H. Mason.

Board of Directors—Hugh J. McGowan, Wilbur L. Ellis, Frank Southard, John Smith, Jr., George E. Briggs, Clifford Couch, Albert Ellis Phin.

Honorary Members—Hon. Frederick W. Seward, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Col. Archie E. Baxter, Hon. Cornelius A. Pugsley, Hugh C. Townley, D.D., Hon. Edwin A. Merritt, Jr., Hon. John Currey, Hon. John E. Andrus, Rev. Wilfred H. Sobey, Chaspe S. Andrews, John Collett Darrow, Uriah Hill, Jr., Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., Rev. Walter M. Walker, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Hon. Samuel McMillan, Col. William P. Roome, Hon. George M. Palmer, Francis M. Frye, John Halsted, Robert A. Rotche, Hon. J. Mayhew Wainwright, Hon. George Adlington, Col. Henry W. Knight, Dr. H. W. Bertholf, Hon. Samuel P. McConnell.

Our Silent Comrades—George S. Starr, Edgar F. Dunning, Ardenus R. Free, James T. Sutton, Charles D. Shepard, Warren Jordan, Edward Wells, Jr., David W. Travis, Eugene B. Travis, B. C. Everingham, William Wood, A. J. Barrett, George Morton, Samuel Stevens, John R. Van Wormer, George W. Robertson, Jean La Rue Burnett, Thomas Nelson.

On page three were the famous songs, "Star-Spangled Banner," "America," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," too well known to need repetition here.

On the last page of the leaflet was the menu, already printed in the early part of this article.

So the evening passed, and the seventh annual Lincoln dinner became history. Once more it was demonstrated that the Lincoln dinner had not only come to stay, but that it is one of the important annual social and civic functions of Peekskill.

After the dinner the directors met in the dining room for organization.

There were present Homer Anderson, Wilbur L. Ellis, John Smith, Jr., Clifford Couch, Hugh J. McGowan, Edward F. Hill, James K. Apgar, Allan L. Sutton, Dr. A. D. Dunbar, Fred F. Roe, Hon. Isaac H. Smith, Dr. Perley H. Mason, Dr. Albert E. Phin and Geo. E. Briggs.

On motion of Mr. Apgar, Wilbur L. Ellis was made chairman. On motion

of Mr. Hill, Geo. E. Briggs was named as secretary.

On regular nomination and in each case by a single ballot cast by the secretary, on motion, these officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Homer Anderson.

Vice-Presidents—A. D. Dunbar, Jas.

K. Apgar, Isaac H. Smith, Allan L. Sutton, Leverett F. Crumb, Alzamora H. Clark, Perley H. Mason.

Secretary—J. Coleridge Darrow.

Treasurer—Edward F. Hill.

Mr. Anderson thanked the gentlemen for the honor conferred and the directors meeting adjourned.



EAGLE HOTEL,

Permanent Headquarters of the Lincoln Society of Peekskill.

